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RANDOM READINGS
IN
RACY RHYME,
C. H. GREENE, L.S.A., J.F.P.S.G.

280. j.
25.



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RANDOM READINGS
IN
RACY RHYME :

▲
REPAST

FOR THE
RECLUSE,

▲
REFRESHMENT

FOR THE
RAILWAY READER,

AND
WRITTEN AND ARRANGED

FOR
REHEARSAL,

BY
CHARLES HARWOOD GREENE,
L.S.A., L.F.P.S.G.

HANLEY:
PUBLISHED BY KEATES AND FORD, CHEAPSIDE,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

—
MDCCLXV.

280. f. 25.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

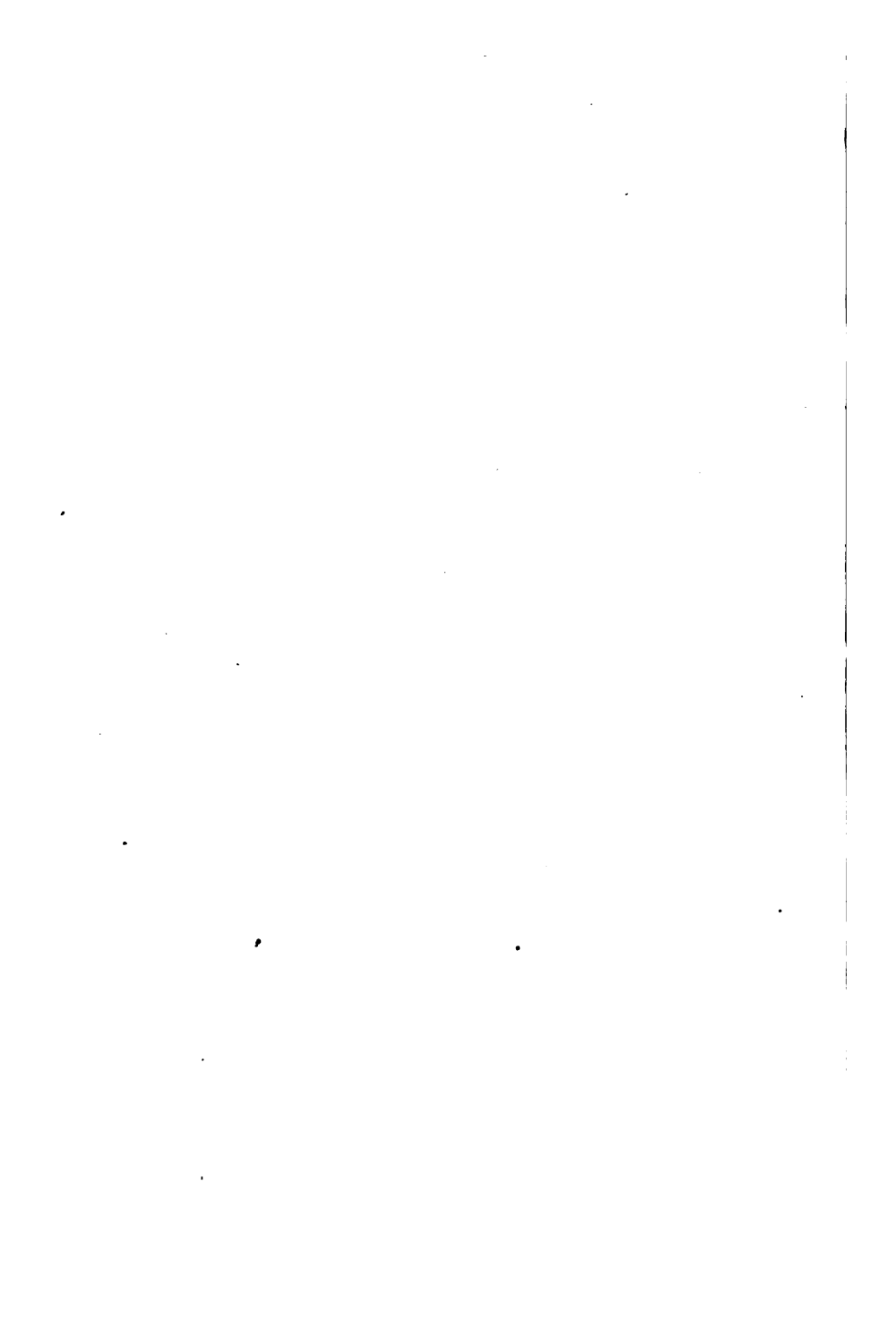


Keates & Ford, Printers, Cheapside, Hanley.

P R E F A C E .

As brevity is said to be not only "the soul of wit," but the art of letter-writing too, the same principle may be applied to book-writing also ; admitting this, the paucity of the following pages may prove no real hindrance to the favourable reception of the book. The author, however, rests not his claims to public patronage on so flimsy a basis, but ventures to hope that the sprinklings of humour and satire, found here and there, may not merely interest the reader, and fully compensate him for its many rythmical irregularities and imperfections, but make amends also for its numerous deficiencies. And as the "Random Readings" are not published on account of any supposed poetical merit, but simply as "Racy Rhymes" of sufficient interest and convenient length for recitation, and adapted to the sensational tastes of a laughter-loving community, this eccentric little volume is now placed in the hands of the reader, whose unbiass'd award is calmly and confidently awaited by

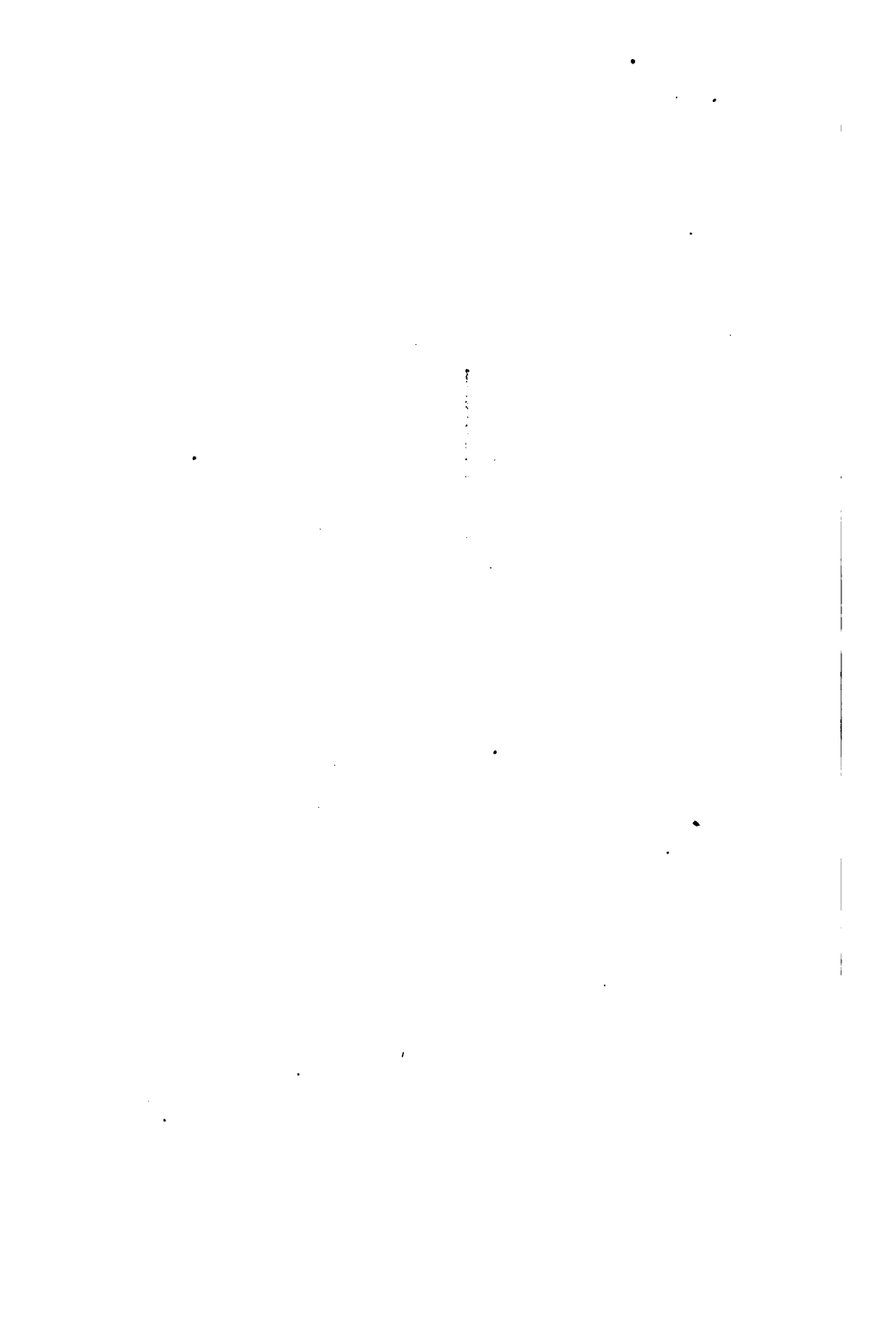
THE AUTHOR



DEDICATION.

TO

THE LOVERS OF THE LUDICROUS,
THE ADVOCATES OF FUN,
TO EVERY ONE WHO LOVES A JOKE,
OR RELISHES A PUN;
TO ALL WHO SCAN ITS TITLE PAGE,
AND CON THE "READINGS" O'ER,
THE AUTHOR DEDICATES HIS BOOK
BOTH NOW AND EVER MORE.



Random Readings, in Racy Rhyme.



THE RAILWAY SOLITAIRE.

John Bull is quite hysterical about this sad affair,
Which fills with fear and wild dismay each "Railway
Solitaire ;"

Not only those of wither'd frame are fraught with
nervous fears,

Athletic men are timid grown as those of tender years.
Folks used to travel up and down, and not to feel afraid,
Till Muller's monster-tragedy such great commotion
made ;

But now to every human mind 'tis palpable and plain,
That though insured, life's not secure, upon a railway
train.

I always was a nervous man ; and, speaking candidly,
Have often paid a heavy fine for my timidity ;
In public places of resort am very seldom seen,
So, though I'm growing very *grey* continue rather *green*.

For want of courage when a lad, I always was the tool
Of every artful playmate, and the butt of all the school,
I never durst a saddle cross, nor e'er attempt to ride,
Unless by way of caution first, my legs were firmly tied,
Nor even dared to climb a tree, nor clamber o'er a gate,
Lest I should fall unluckily, and crack my shallow pate.
And when I grew to man's estate, oh! was it not
unkind?

The maidens all deserted *me* for men of stronger mind;
And now in "single blessedness" I mourn my bitter
fate,

In never having ventured on the matrimonial state.

One morn in August, sixty-four, I felt inclined to roam,
And far away I quickly left my lodgings and my home;
I spent the day with gladsome friends, apart from every
care,

Not dreaming of the sorrow that hung o'er the Solitaire.
'Twas late when I the station reached, the clock was
striking eight,

"Jump in, be quick," the porter cried; "or you
will be too late;"

He push'd me in, then lock'd the door, to move the
train began,

When lo! beside me, still as death, there sat another
man.

'Twas on the self-same railway line, and not far from
the spot,
Where Briggs, poor fellow! "came to grief," and such
may be my lot,
Then in my sole companion's face I took a hasty peep,
And saw to my discomfiture he *feigned* to be asleep.
I trembled like an aspen leaf, my limbs began to quake,
For though appearing fast asleep, he wore a "wide-
awake,"
The very model of a class well known as "London
Prigs,"
Or worse than this, may chance to be the murderer of
Briggs.
"Fire! Murder! Porter stop the train! I dare not,
will not ride,
Alone with this suspicious man that's dozing by my
side;
Who knows but he may soon awake? then his revolver
draw,
And by a dark, but daring deed, let daylight in my
'maw,'
I cannot breathe, I dare not move, 'twould madness be
to read,
Lest in another moment I may get a broken head;
Then 'mull'd' and mangled, maul'd and munch'd till
recollection fails,

My lifeless body may be pitch'd right headlong on the rails."

No porter came to stop the train, the sweat stood on my brow,

When my companion shouts "holloa, my covey, what's the row?"

"You'd 'best be minding' what you say, and mind what I say too ;

For if you are afraid of me, I'm not afraid of you ;
Such conduct even by a *saint* is not to be endured,
So for the sake of needy friends I hope you are insured ;
For ere another station's reached, on this you may depend,

Your life that's near its terminus will reach its precious end."

I sank upon my bended knees, and shriek'd, "who'er you be,

O stranger ! don't for pity's sake, be mullerizing me ;
My money take, my watch, my all ; but spare, O spare my life !

That I may see but once again my children and my wife."

Says he, "you lying hypocrite ! how dare you trifle thus,

And with an old 'machine' like yours to make so great a fuss ?

For 'tis a fact well known to me, you have no wife at
all,

But are a stale old bachelor, whose christian name is
Paul,

No child nor chick to mourn your loss, nor relative to
pine,

When I smash your loco-motive, and then fling it on
the line.

"Here goes!" said he; then suddenly he seized me by
the throat,

And mutter'd words I could not hear and therefore
cannot quote,

For once I struggled manfully, but oh! 'twas all in
vain,

A straw may just as well have tried to stop a luggage
train.

I soon became unconscious, for he knelt upon my chest,
And hard upon my windpipe he his bony knuckles
press'd;

But suddenly he chang'd his mind, relaxed his hold and
said,

"How stupid not to know me, Paul, why I'm your
brother Ned!

Though one-and-twenty years ago, it must be that or
more,

Since, lured by Californian gold I left my native shore,

Though quite a stripling when I sail'd of less than
twenty years,
I knew you by your nervousness, your needless, ground-
less fears ;
Thinks I, 'tis brother Paul, by Jove ! it can be none
but he,
For whose especial benefit I've cross'd the stormy sea ;
So, being somewhat mischievous, and much by impulse
led,
Resolv'd not quite to strangle you, but frighten you
instead."
Encourag'd thus I quickly rose and stood upon my feet,
The "break" was now put on, for we were nearing
Fenchurch Street ;
I clasp'd him in my loving arms, embraced him as my
friend,
And thus my fright, and not my life, had "reach'd its
precious end."

We shortly reach'd the terminus, I landed with a
bound,
Rejoicing greatly in the fact that I was safe and sound,
I lifted up instinctively my heart in honest praise
To Him, who so mysteriously had thus prolonged my
days ;
Then turn'd to see if brother Ned my pious feelings
shared,

When lo ! to my astonishment, my friend had disappeared.

I paced the platform up and down for half-an-hour at least,

And every time I took a turn my misery increased,
At length I grew impatient, for I felt it *was* unkind
In brother Ned to steal away, and leave me thus
behind ;

I hail'd a cab reluctantly, to drive to my abode,
And bid the cabman drive with speed to 19, Curtain
Road ;

But when I came the fare to pay, I felt indeed bereft,
My purse was gone, my money flown, and not a
" tanner " left ;

My toothpick and my spectacles on which I set such
store,

So necessary for a man of fifty years or more,
And even my tobacco box, and silver-mounted pipe,
Companion of my solitude, had not escaped his gripe ;
But worst of all, and that which made my heart with
anguish burn,

My watch that ne'er *would go* before, *went* never to
return.

I named this to the cabman, who, of course, began to
swear,

That it was a shabby subterfuge to cheat him of his
fare ;

I bid him use civility, and not to waste his breath,
On a penniless unfortunate but just escaped from death ;
This rendered cabby furious, vociferous and loud,
Which soon attracted to the spot a sympathizing crowd ;
“ Go in ” said some one strangely like my quondam-
brother Ned,
“ Twill satisfaction be to know, you’ve punch’d his
precious head ,”
“ Stop, stop,” said I, “ and I will try the paltry fare to
borrow,
And should I fail, be kind enough to call again to-
morrow.”
I knock’d and rung both loud and long, but no one
came, not they !
For master, mistress, and the maid, were all gone to the
play,
“ Now Sir ! be quick, I cannot wait,” the saucy cabman
said,
“ As you seem so short of money, give me something
else instead.”
I offer’d him my “ four-and-nine,” but no ! that would
not do,
To a man in his position, ’twas not worth a “ jolly
screw,”
I mention’d then my velvet vest, at which he seemed
amused,

And for my generosity I got myself abused.

Says he "I am a cabman, Sir! and every body knows
That a cabman's not a ragman, nor a dealer in old
clothes,

But as my corduroys are now a bit the worse for wear,
I'll take your *inexpressibles* in payment of the fare.

Now lads! come lend a ready hand, and help me to
discharge

A duty which I owe myself, and all the trade at large;"
Then cabmen three surrounded me, and placed me in a
"fix,"

When they took away my "peg-tops" for a paltry one-
and-six.

Police! Police! Police! I cried, the crowd took up
the cry,

Which was frequently repeated by the people passing by;
Police! Police! Police! I cried, till absolutely hoarse,
When it happened opportunely that a couple of the force,
For once, arrived in time to stay the egress of the rogues,
And then commen'd a struggle called "the battle for
the brogues."

The cabmen fought with fury and determination too,
And to the nameless garment stuck tenaciously as glue,
And used their "bunch of fives" with such dexterity
and skill,

That the battle for the brogues became a scientific "mill;"

But the truncheons fell so heavily upon the cabmen's
skulls,
That they pitch'd and toss'd like vessels that were
damaged in their hulls,
When the constables succeeded in defiance of their fists,
In slipping on the handcuffs and in pinioning their
wrists,
Then marched them off to "durance" in a sanguinary
plight,
To chew the cud of penitence the remnant of the night.
My "peg-tops" were returned to me, their rightful
owner still,
And after all, not much the worse for passing through
the "mill,"
I donn'd them too most gratefully without the least
delay,
And just in time to see my friends returning from the
play.
Next morning I was summon'd by the officer in power,
To wend my way to "Worship-Street" at quite an
early hour ;
The prisoners, whose faces were adorn'd with dust and
gore,
Disliked that *place of Worship*, for they'd *all* been there
before.
I proved most undeniably that I was not to blame,

But had suffered an indignity as well as open shame,
Had lost my purse, my watch, my all, and nearly lost
my life,
And closed my day's misfortunes in a scene of fearful
strife.

In making out my case, you know, I had the truth to
tell,
And a personal description of the thief to give as well,
Who'd a mole upon his forehead and a scar upon his
face,
Which art could never remedy, and time could ne'er
erase.

His worship said, "you've well described the how, the
where, and when ;

Do you think you could identify, on seeing him again ?"
"Undoubtedly I could Sir, and I'm confident of this,
That under any circumstances I should know his phiz."
"The garotter, you inform me, had a scar upon his face,
And a mole upon his forehead too,—a rather awkward
place ;

Now Sir ! examine carefully the prisoners at the bar,
For on the cheek of one of them I see an ugly scar,
And a mole upon his forehead which he tries to hide in
vain,

He is possibly the miscreant that robb'd you in the
train."

I walked up to the culprit who was standing nearest
me,
And soon had reason to exclaim, this one it cannot be;
I pass'd on to the second and examined well his brow,
And cried, "this is the cabman, Sir, that kicked up
all the row;"
But soon as I approach'd the third, the rascal turned
aside,
And hung his head upon his chest, the fatal marks to
hide.
"Hold up your head" the Magistrate indignantly ex-
claim'd,
"There must be something on your face of which you
are ashamed,"
Then forward stepp'd a constable and slightly raised
his head,
And there he was, as large as life, my *quasi-brother*
Ned.
I own it seems a little strange that I should be so
long,
In pointing out the rascal who had done me so much
wrong,
But my spectacles were missing, and so very short my
sight,
That I could not see the distance to be certain I was
right.

The officers were ordered next to search his pockets
round,
When every missing article was on his person found,
And shortly was returned to me, except my watch and
chain,
Which, as I stated once before, *went* not to *come again*.
’Twas no little consolation that my watch now growing
old,
And extremely paralytic had been changed for *current*
gold,
Which now became my property to pocket or to spend,
And furnish too the “needful” to accomodate a friend.

The villain who had shewn such animosity to me,
Was speedily committed for this daring robbery,
And as he was a *pugilist* of such consummate skill,
Was provided with a fourteen years—employment at
“*the mill*.”

The others were convicted of assaulting the police,
And their liberty recovered for a five-pound-note apiece ;
And should they e’er to Curtain Road convey another
“fare,”
Will remember their adventure with the “Railway
Solitaire.”

THE LOTTERY-MANIA.

In the marvellous year eighteen-twenty-four,
It possibly may be a year or two more,
Nor much will it matter if one or two less,
My notes being lost, I must leave you to guess :
And though for the truth I was always a stickler,
The truth is in dates I was never partick'ler,
For my careful old mother, as I have heard say,
Figs, raisins, and dates, kept out of my way,
Lest I should require the s-t-i-c-k.
But now for the facts. In eighteen-twenty-four,
Or sometime about, as I stated before,
A mania wild ran all through the Potteries,
For trying their luck in the Government-Lotteries ;
And government-agents throughout the whole land,
Bamboozled their victims on every hand,
While placards of every colour and grade
Adorned the shop windows of every trade,
To turn all the heads, and bewilder the brain
Of all the inhabitants greedy of gain,
Who may be ambitious their fortunes to mend,
And lived in " Lane Delph," or the town of " Lane
End."

Thus hundreds of those, the most deeply in debt,
Fell into the coils of this plausible net ;
Expecting, each one, by a rapid transition,
To place his affairs in a thriving condition.
Now there were three brothers, so needy and poor,
As scarcely to keep the grim wolf from the door,
Who by rising up early, and sitting up late,
And by unceasing labour contended with fate.
The first was a cobbler, with care on his brow,
The second a peasant that followed the plough,
The third was a tailor, much younger in years,
A little, unscrupulous, " Knight of the shears ;"
But lest my three heroes from memory slip,
Their names they were Crispin, and Roger, and Snip.
Now Crispin whose name oft' appear'd on the rolls
Of the Court of Requests, was a mender of soles,
And all the long day he was driving his tacks,
And like a true cobbler stuck close to his wax,
Nor for his hard fortune did he care a feather,
Convinced in his soul there was " nothing like leather."
And poor, honest Roger, on industry bent,
With wife and a family bless'd with content,
His work ne'er neglecting as many men do,
Just managed to live by the sweat of his brow.
But Snip, what of him ? why, the truth I must tell,
Was mightily given to " cutting the swell,"

And had throughout life the unfortunate knack
Of starving his belly to cover his back,
And like most of his craft, though I mean no offence,
His "cabbage" he cut, at his neighbour's expense,
And by plying his needle, and driving his stitches,
Did eke out a living by making of breeches.
But the Lottery came, with its pounds for its pence,
And its fabulous prizes in uncertain sense,
And one of its agents, a cunning old "rip"
In an unlucky moment had pounc'd upon Snip,
Who with his two brothers, both Crispin and Roger,
An easy prey fell to this artful old "dodger,"
And lured by the wiles of this oily old chap,
Fell, heels over head, in the flat-catcher's trap.
He told of a neighbour, whose head had grown white
From toiling by day, and from working by night,
And yet he was poor, and of rent in arrears,
And he like his friend was a "Knight of the shears,"
He told of a labourer, honest and meek,
Who earned only seven-and-sixpence a week,
And after he'd wasted his strength for the nation,
Would still, but for him, have died of starvation ;
He told of a cobbler, who night and day toiled,
Yet in earning fair living had ever been foiled,
Whose physical vigour was failing him fast,
And who still, but for him, would have stuck to the *last* ;

Yet each, only once, chanced to cast in his lot,
And each, strange to say, a large fortune had got.
They stared at each other as men often do,
On hearing of wonders attractive and new,
And in utter amazement, distended their eyes,
Until bright gilded castles appear'd in the skies ;
While visions of silver, and nuggets of gold,
In ponderous masses before their eyes roll'd :
So now the old fox had no longer to wait,
For they gulp'd up the treacle, and swallow'd the bait,
Exclaiming, "by Jove, that the man was a 'n inny,'
Who longer delay'd to contribute his guinea."
"A guinea !" cried Crispin, "a guinea !" said Snip,
"A guinea !" quoth Roger, "the chance must not slip ;"
And Crispin exclaim'd "though my feet should go bare,
I'll sell all my leather, and buy up a share,
And if, after that, I am still short of 'tin,'
Why I'm willing, quite willing, to sell my own skin."
"And I," said poor Roger, "so bad is my trade
I'll part with my shovel, my hoe, and my spade,
And purchase a share, should I eat my meat raw,
And sell all my bedding, and lie upon straw."
"As to me," shouted Snip, "though in rags I appears
I'll pawn all my 'cabbage,' and part with my shears,
For I'll have a share, be the cost what it will,
And my pockets, ere long, shall assuredly fill ;

Let the finger of scorn point at me, if it can,
Repeating, there goes the 'ninth part of a man ;'
And though I be scarcely five feet and an inch,
I'll dare them to call me a ' Jack-at-a-pinch,'
For soon shall I join with an heiress in marriage,
Possess my own mansion, and ride in a carriage :
The prize is before us, 'twould be quite a sin
To 'show the white feather,' let's 'go in and win.'"
The money was raised "by hook or by crook,"
And their names all enroll'd in the Lottery-book,
The cash handed over, and, as a reward,
Each sapient noodle received a card,
And though upon this they could never get fat,
They may all thank their "stars" they got even that.
But now for the climax. Each heart leapt with joy,
On hearing "the drawing" was fixed for July ;
Snip, Crispin, and Roger, quite fidgetty got,
To handle the money to fall to their lot ;
And while much anxiety o'er them was creeping,
Preventing all three of our heroes from sleeping,
Some mischievous fellow, by way of a freak,
Resolved, at all hazards, to play them a trick.
Three letters were written and sent in a trice,
Inclosing a cheque for ten thousand apiece,
To be paid in hard cash on the first of September,
A day which our heroes had cause to remember.

Now by some means or other this wag had contrived
To drop in at the time the said letters arrived,
Was first to congratulate each on his luck,
And loud in his praises of all for their "pluck."
Crispin shouted, and vow'd that his fortune was made,
And from that very moment he'd give up his trade :
And danced, kicked, and jumped, like a frisky young foal,
Till his shoes—his old shoes, parted "body from sole."
Now Roger, who happen'd no scholar to be,
Most puzzled to make out its meaning was he,
For Roger in learning was always so lazy,
He never could master his "reading made easy ;"
And while vainly attempting the ciphers to count,
His wife read it over, and "twigg'd" the amount,
Exclaiming, "why Roger ! you lumbering lout !
Whate'er are you fumbling so long about ?
Don't you know what a cheque is ? you ninny ! why
zounds !
'Tis a lottery order for ten thousand pounds,
On the first of September, the same to be paid,
And then honest Roger, our fortunes are made ;
For ten thousand pounds ! why your fortunate wife,
Silks and satins will wear all the rest of her life."
Then Roger embolden'd by all he did learn,
And now that his fortune had taken a turn,
Declared as a circle he spun on one leg,

That a *man* he would make of his sweet daughter Peg ;
Then in ecstasy treated his wife with a "smack,"
Who went off in hysterics and fell on her back.
But what about Snip ? why, his joy knew no bounds,
And thought of nought else but his ten thousand
pounds ;
And how the good Pottery people would stare,
When he roll'd through the streets in his carriage and
pair,
And saw in perspective each man touch his hat,
In respect to the newly-made Aristocrat.
But I must now be brief. So these men of renown,
On the last day of August all started for town ;
Determined, in person, with joy quite elate,
The Lottery Office to visit in state.
On arriving, in triumph each threw down a bag
He'd provided, in which to deposit the "swag,"
Presented his cheque to the manager stern,
Which he threw in the fire and did instantly burn,
And coolly informed all the petrified brothers,
"That all the large prizes had fallen to others,
And though *he* was by no means enamoured of pelf,
That the largest of all he had '*netted*' *himself* ;
But there's nothing" said he, with a curl of his lip,
"That has fallen to Crispin, or Roger, or Snip."
Thus burst in a moment this treacherous bubble,

Involving our friends in an ocean of trouble,
A trouble so deep, I am bound to confess,
I cannot find adequate words to express.
'Twas a "sight" to behold, how each countenance fell,
When he found that *his* cheque was a "regular sell,"
His visage becoming exceedingly lank,
On finding his prize, a detestable blank.
Snip fainted away, and went off in a swoon,
And the clerks had to gather him up with a spoon,
While Crispin and Roger so fearfully swore,
That the Manager instantly shewed them the door ;
And as they continued to kick up a rout,
The clerks took and bundled the whole of them out,
And said with a sneer and an insolent scoff,
"The best thing you can do is to take yourselves off ;
And as lunatics should not be roaming at large
Take care or you'll surely be given in charge."
A policeman that moment appear'd in the street,
Who caused our three heroes to beat a retreat,
And with feelings of martyrs, when laid on the rack,
They re-shoulder'd their wallets, and begg'd their way
back.

THE TOWN CRIER'S WEDDING.

Notice is hereby respectfully given,
That the jolly Town Crier is going his round,
And if you will only attentively listen,
You will find that in him wit and humour abound.

Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!

I'm a man of importance as all of you know,
And the servant alike both of friend and of foe,
A source of attraction to those that I meet,
And greatly in favour with all in the street ;
A man of few words ; but, whatever I say,
I utter in earnest, and in my own way,
So I make a great noise when I follow my calling ;
But what matter, so long as I'm paid for my bawling ?
The Lawyer, fine fellow ! his fee ne'er refuses,
But "feathers his nest," if he *wins* or he *loses*,
And should you employ him to make your last will,
Takes care, of all things, his *own* pockets to fill.
So, killing or curing the gout or the phthisic,
The Doctor expects to be paid for his physic,
And to net as his profit for *curing* or *killing*,
Elevenpence-half-penny out of a shilling,

At least the world says so ; then what if I follow ?
And beat these professional gentlemen hollow ;
For the Bell-man's rewarded, though strange it appear,
For *crying* all day without *shedding a tear*.

Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

A bit of a *newsman* most surely am I,
And if you will listen, I'll soon tell you why ;
For in going my rounds I take with me a charm,
In my mystical tink-a-tink under my arm,
And whenever it rings people know very well,
Something *new* will be told by the "Man of the Bell."
'Tis vastly amusing how the people do stare,
When I trudge down the market, or stroll through
the fair,
No matter how busy the market-folks be,
They can all spare a minute to listen to *me* :
The crowds in the street, rushing madly along,
Stand silent and still when they hear my "ding-dong,"
And the whole population seem bound in a spell
By the magical notes of my musical bell.
The fat-sided butcher deserts his meat-stall,
The shoemaker instantly throws down his awl,
The weaver, his shuttle as suddenly leaves,
The slater as rapidly steps from the eaves,
The miser as hastily locks up his hoard,

The tailor, in ecstasy springs from his board,
The maid-of-all-work leaves her broom and her mop,
The boy on the causeway—the whipping his top,
The carter, in haste, brings his team to a stand,
And stares, open-mouth'd, with his whip in his hand,
And while crowds in the distance are running pellmell,
At the very first stroke of my wonderful bell,
All classes are suddenly seized with desire
To welcome the voice of the jolly Town Crier.
Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

I'm much in request just before quarter-day,
When tenants, in trouble, get out of the way,
And dispose of their goods with the *honest* intent
Of defrauding the landlord out of his rent.
When, true to my calling, I publish the tale,
That all the said chattels are ready for sale ;
It matters but little, when sure of my fee,
Should the landlord look grim and ferocious at me ;
Should his tenant get off, like a knave, with his booty,
There's no one can say I've exceeded my duty ;
I cannot please all, so indeed do not try,
But to please my employers whenever I *cry*,
And on such occasions when I please them well,
There's no one more pleased than the " Man of the
Bell."

Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

I'm a *plain-spoken* man, and *not one of reserve*,
For I *tell all I know*, and from this never swerve ;
So modest young maidens intending to marry,
Keep me in the dark, lest their secret *miscarry* :
Young women, no matter how crafty and wily,
Gain little advantage by acting so slyly,
For when the young *beau's* fairly caught in the *knot*,
And cupid has tighten'd the same on the spot,
The couple discard all mysterious spells,
And make the fact known by the ringing of bells,
Which, though silent as death, ere the work had begun,
Spring into full life when the mischief is done :
If the secret ooze out by the bells of the spire,
Why not by the *bell* of the jolly Town Crier ?
Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

I've been married myself ; and around me I see
Young people, who would be enquiring of me,
How I myself acted, when fill'd with ambition
To get myself spliced, and improve my condition ?
Bear patiently with me, dear friends, while I try,
The details to give you, by way of reply.
I was quite a young man, one-and-twenty, or so,
And was always considered a "bit of a beau,"
Was fond of the fair, of their smiles and their dimples,
So, of course, I was speedily "cut for the simples,"

In other words married, for better for worse ;
To some a great blessing, to others a curse.
For, of all the misfortunes that ever befel,
In his mortal career the poor "Man of the Bell,"
None gave me the pain, since the hour I was born,
As the scenes that occur'd on my own wedding morn ;
For, after a night spent in tossing and tumbling
And turning and twisting and growling and grumbling,
Just before break of day I unconsciously fell
Fast asleep, but to dream of my fair Isabel,
And at nine in the morn, by my friends I was found,
Most lustily snoring in slumber profound.
"Come Bill" said my mother, and shook me, just so,
"Look alive, for that Larkins is waiting below,
And I know by his 'chuckle' which can't be mistaken,
Some mischief is brewing ; come William, awaken !
For surely 'tis time you were up and away,
Don't you know 'tis the morning of your wedding day?"
Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

So I sprang from my bed, and first slipp'd on my hose,
And then struggled hard to put on my new clothes,
But my trowsers I found so exceedingly small,
It is marvellous how I got in them at all,
And when they were on, you may laugh if you please,
But the bottoms were almost up to my knees ;

And my lily-white vest, I should say, at the least,
Was nearly six inches too short in the waist ;
While my coat, that was made of material new,
A broad superfine, and whose colour was blue,
Was just of the "cut" an old Irishman wears,
With collar so high as to cover his ears,
But too narrow by half, while its tapering tails
Were so long as to reach nearly down to my heels.
No words can describe, nor can language express,
How indignant I felt at the sight of my dress ;
And exclaim'd on beholding myself in the glass,
"Here's *humanity* deck'd in the garb of *an ass*,"
And ne'er felt so much inclination to *bray*,
As I did on the morning of my wedding day.

Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

But I knew very well it was folly to fret,
To get into a stew, or go off in a pet,
And to blow up my tailor was all of no use,
Even though I should cover his name with abuse,
Nor yet could it profit to storm or to scold,
Although, it was plain, I'd been shamefully "sold"
By my rascally tailor, who, "under the rose,"
Had bargain'd with Larkins to spoil all my clothes,
And for no other reason with him did combine,
But that Larkins, forsooth, was a rival of mine.

So I slipp'd on my necktie, my boots, and my "beaver,"
And descended the stairs in a "regular" fever,
Made straight for the door to escape in a "crack,"
When that mischievous Larkins in haste pull'd me back,
As he rudely took hold of my coat by the tail,
Saying, "kind Sir, excuse me ! this day I've a sale,
Which indeed I must get you this morning to cry,
Or otherwise there may be no one to buy."
I pleaded my wedding, by way of excuse,
When Larkins responded, "'tis all of no use,
Here's your fee ; once accepted, you dare not say, nay !
With a paper containing all you have to say,
And, doubtless, your townsmen will greatly admire,
The novel costume of the jolly Town Crier."
Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes ! Oh, Yes !

Then I thought of the church, with a wish I was there,
For I knew that I had not a moment to spare,
So I rush'd to the street out of sheer desperation,
Quite determined to brave ev'ry cross and vexation ;
This prov'd but a leap "from the mud to the mire,"
Or "out of the frying-pan into the fire,"
For soon a disturbance that no man could quell,
Distracted the mind of the "Man of the Bell."
Had I been a gorilla escap'd from his cage,
Or a monster of antediluvian age,

An overgrown monkey, or grinning baboon,
Or messenger newly arriv'd from the moon,
I couldn't have caus'd half so much consternation,
As happen'd upon this eventful occasion :
For ever at intervals, one or another
Kept asking me after the health of *my mother*,
While most of the boys that I met in the street,
Made sundry enquiries about my *poor feet*.
I box'd for his impudence one little fellow,
Converting his *tune* to a howl and a bellow,
This kindled the ire of a fiery young fisherman,
Who challeng'd to fight with me *or any other man*.
Of course I declined his polite invitation,
Which caus'd in the thoroughfare quite a sensation,
So seeing that I was disposed to be quiet,
They "got up" a scene of disturbance and riot.
Men, women, and children with each other vied,
To torture the Bell-man and bring down his pride,
Some pelted my person with eggs that were stale,
While others kept twitching my coat by the tail ;
And worst of all, one of those saucy young rogues,
Took a spade-full of mud, and bespatter'd my brogues ;
But the depth of my misery no man can tell,
When another young urchin ran off with my bell,
While at a short distance "as sure as a gun"
Were the tailor and Larkins enjoying the fun.

But the gist of the tumult I did not discover,
Till this harrowing scene of confusion was over,
When I found that I had most unconsciously been,
In some measure the cause of this ludicrous scene,
For in crying the sale of utensils and bedding,
I had made a strange blunder and cried *my own wedding*.
Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!

It was late in the day when I got to the church,
And was nearly, in consequence, left in the lurch;
Isabel swoon'd away, when she saw my attire
So torn in the seams and bespatter'd with mire,
And again and again she went off in her swoons,
When her eyes chanc'd to fall on my *sweet pantaloons*.
But at length she revived, look'd around her and said,
"I'm *so* sorry I ever consented to wed."
The priest now proceeded to open his book,
And to put on a most sanctimonious look,
And the service to near its conclusion did bring,
When he suddenly stopp'd, and demanded the ring.
"The ring, Sir," said I, in great trepidation ;
"The ring, Sir," said he, with much irritation ;
"The ring, Sir, I purchas'd last evening at Lockitt's,
And placed it for safety in one of my pockets,
But from that time to this, have thought no more
about it ;"

“The ring, Sir,” he thunder’d, “we can’t do without it.”
I search’d all my pockets, both under and over,
But still this love-token I could not discover,
Which caused me to plunge like a “pig in a fit,”
While my friends all with laughter were ready to split;
The priest, quite indignant, his book closed at once,
Then call’d me “a booby, a dolt, and a dunce;”
Retired to the vestry, and slamm’d to the door,
And scamper’d off home, and we saw him no more.
But while some lamented the sad termination
Of the Town Crier’s wedding so full of vexation,
Its whereabouts shortly came into my nob,
And the ring I brought up from the depths of my fob.
I placed the said ring on her finger so fair,
And then, in the presence of all that were there,
To cherish the darling did solemnly swear,
And, now that our plans with the priest had miscarried,
We both “jump’d the besom” and thus we were married.

THE BAKER'S WIFE;

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

An *estimable* woman is the Baker's wife,
And her lucky mate knows all about it ;
And when you are aware
Of her qualities rare,
You will have little reason to doubt it.
She is one of those wives,
Who devote their whole lives,
To the *weighty* affairs of the trade ;
But, though ever in the dust,
She most positively must
Have an eye to the *weighs* of the maid.

A *profitable* woman is the Baker's Wife,
Though she may be a bit of a slave,
 And grudges not her trouble,
 To make her profits double,
Thus affording opportunity to save.
 She sacrifices leisure,
 That she may be a treasure
To the man she has sworn to obey ;
 While the baker loves his wife,
 Even dearer than his life,
And a mighty happy couple are they.

A very *busy* woman is the Baker's Wife,
But the business she minds is her own ;
 For she finds enough to do,
 Her own duties to get through ;
So she leaves other people's alone.
 She cares not for the news,
 But she minds her p's and q's,
And her bakings, lest any should burn ;
 So, by constant circumspection,
 She brings all things to perfection,
For her "ovens" are all done "to a turn."

A very *civil* woman is the Baker's Wife,
At least, so her customers say ;
 But contrives, like her mother,
 In one way or another,
To make her civility *pay*.
 She's a pocket for the "blunt,"
 And another for affront,
Both fasten'd to the front of her gown ;
 Though her person may be dusty,
 Yet her temper's never *crusty*,
Seeing no one ever yet "*did her brown*."

A very *knowing* woman is the Baker's Wife,
Which no one is disposed to deny ;
 Always down upon such fellows,
 As the mealy muzzled millers,
Who adulterate the flour on the sly.
 She never feels dismay'd
 By the dodges of the trade,
Which are all carried on at the mill ;
 For she'll tell you in a minute,
 Each impurity that's in it,
Which she always can detect by the smell.

A *plain-spoken* woman is the Baker's Wife,
Which the crafty miller knows very well ;
 And the pettifogging fellow
 Hangs his head like a willow,
When he calls in his "seconds" to sell :
 If the former was n't good,
 It is quickly understood,
When she loosens the strings of her "clack,"
 Then flings down the cash
 With a thundering crash,
And immediately "*gives him the sack.*"

A very *clever* woman is the Baker's Wife,
As any one may easily see,
 For when she goes to bake,
 She is always wide awake
To the benefits of £. s. d.
 You cannot find her match
 In making up a "batch,"
Nor her equal in kneading the dough ;
 For she'll make a sack of flour,
 In a quarter of an hour,
To a sack and three quarters to grow.

An *admirable* woman is the Baker's Wife,
And a mixture of goodness and grace ;
 Always managing with ease
 The most difficult to please,
By the blandest of smiles on her face.
 She is naturally kind ;
 To civility inclin'd,
And attentive to all, it is said ;
 So, while the bread is baking,
 A fortune she is making
By *good breeding*, as well as *good bread*.

A very *handy* woman is the Baker's Wife,
As any in a day you may meet ;
 She is willing to wait
 On the small and the great ;
But is too much upon her " poor feet."
 She goes the whole length
 Of her physical strength,
And ne'er to her duty says, nay !
 From such heavy wear and tear
 'Twould be better to forbear,
Lest her head become rapidly grey.

A *model* of a woman is the Baker's Wife,
From her head to the soles of her feet,
And if I'm not mistaken,
I have now her portrait taken,
As handsomely as "Carte-de-Visite."
And when the undertaker
Shall take her from the Baker,
We think it would be money well spent,
A monument to raise
As a tribute to her praise,
Made of *alum* and *plaster* cement.

SAUCY POLL, OR A FRIEND IN NEED.*

In Winchester city, some few years ago,
There liv'd a cordwainer, in "Whitleather-Row ;"
His figure was lean, and his visage forlorn,
His hair long and straight, and but seldom was shorn ;
Small were his earnings, and coarse was his fare,
Few were his comforts but heavy his care,
For cold, pinching poverty fell to his share ;
But though much neglectod and needy as any,
A worthy cordwainer was honest Joe Finney.
A widower he, whose poor suffering wife,
Some few months before had departed this life,
And left a large family deep in distress,
The widower's home and his future to bless.
At times he felt lonely and ready to sink,
By troubles reduced to despondency's brink,
But when at his work he sat cheerless and sad,
The pranks of his parrot could make his heart glad ;
But as trouble increased, I am bound to confess,
That his custom and credit grew rapidly less,

* Founded on McMillan's Story of "Poll Pays the Rent."

And poor honest Joe to his heart's discontent,
Was near twenty pounds *behind* in his rent.
Now his landlord, a miserly, sordid old wretch,
As ever was swung in the noose of "Jack Ketch,"
A notice had sent, that he surely next day,
A broker and bailiff would bring, to survey
His goods and his chattels, above and below,
Determin'd they under the hammer should go,
And if by this process he made not his rent,
His penniless victim to gaol should be sent.
Next morning a gentleman, passing that way,
Stepp'd into his workshop, and bid him, good day !
" My good man, what's the matter ?" " Oh ! nothing,
said he :"
" But there is, let a stranger your confidant be !"
" Well ! since you're so pressing, the truth shall be told,
This day I'm expecting my goods to be sold ;
And now that my landlord no longer can wait,
I've nought else to do, but submit to my fate,
I have tried, heaven knows ! as long as I could,
The torrent to stem of adversity's flood,
But strong is my faith, though to gaol they may take me,
That providence will not entirely forsake me ;
My trust is in him, who, this trouble has given,
In mercy, to humble, and fit me for heaven.
" Why man, how you tremble ! is no help at hand ?
Is none to be found in the length of the land ?"

“ Yes ! 'tis not far distant, for here are three chaps,
Who will speedily *help* me off with my ‘traps.’ ”
Then landlord, and broker, and bailiff appear'd,
The latter adorn'd with a whity-brown beard,
The landlord first enter'd and sat himself down,
While on his brow lurk'd an unmerciful frown,
Then in came the broker and bailiff as well,
Prepar'd in a “ jiffy ” Joe's chattels to sell.
Now honest Joe's parrot was cunning and sly,
Could talk like a christian, could laugh too, and cry,
Could bark like a dog, and could mew like a cat,
And imitate Joe's well known rat-a-tat-tat.
Then Poll had a memory worthy of note,
And numerous phrases had got off by rote,
Yes ! and many a fragment of song old and new,
She could sing ; and what's more, she could whistle
them too.

But Poll's was a character not without stain,
For her language of late was rather profane,
And though Joe had school'd her with every care
Some mischievous urchins had taught her to swear,
And this often happen'd when Joe was at prayer ;
When p'rhaps she would ask him his Polly to kiss,
Or raise a fierce howl like a dog in distress,
Or imitate closely the vendor of rolls,
Thus quite disconcerting the mender of soles,
And filling his mind with conflicting emotions,

Distracted his thoughts and disturb'd his devotions.
So the landlord began in a tone that was gruff,
"For my rent, as you know, I have stayed long enough;
I'm a man of few words, and of this you're aware,
Can you pay me my rent? for I've no time to spare."
Now Poll, all the morning look'd thoughtful and sage,
And up to that moment sat still in her cage,
But on hearing of *time* she, at once, set to mock,
Crying, "Stay, time stay, what's a clock—what's a clock?"
"No means, answered Finney, have I at command,
To stay these proceedings, or meet your demand,
The sum is too large for a poor man to borrow."
"Too late Mr. Fergyson, call again to-morrow."
Cried Poll, in a voice that was piercingly shrill,
"Call again to-morrow, Sir, I'll pay the bill;"
Then hopping round her cage, cried, "Leave it all
to me,
I know where the money is, and I keep the key."
The landlord astonish'd, cried, "well! on my word!
Why Finney, this is an intelligent bird.
For her pertinent speeches remove ev'ry doubt,
That the creature knows well what we're talking about."
"Ne'ertheless, Mr. Broker, we must not forget,
That my tenant is near twenty pounds in my debt,
Make a list out at once of whate'er you may find
Up above, or below, or before, or behind."
Then the broker began with "one three-legg'd stool;"

When Polly exclaim'd "you're a fool, you're a fool,"
And repeated the insult again and again,
Until, greatly enraged, the man threw down his pen,
And vow'd, if once more to that tune she did sing,
The very next moment her neck he would ring.
And now though with rage and vexation he fum'd,
He took up his pen, and his duty resum'd.
"One table, six chairs, all polish'd and grand,
A set of fire-irons, a fender and stand,
Two dishes, six plates, lot of tea cups and bowls,
With six upper-leathers and three pairs of soles ;
One work-bench, a lapstone, two hammers, three awls,
A rail upon which to hang bonnets and shawls ;"
With sundry oddments too many to mention,
And which to distinguish 'tis not my intention.
"Well now, Mr. Broker ! are proceeding to go
Up above, let us see ! are we all right below ?"
"Not exactly, for one thing I'd nearly forgot,
And that of all others the *sauciest* lot,
I allude to the parrot so artful and sly,"
"Oh no we never mention *her*," said Poll, in reply.
"Stop, stop," said the landlord, "kind sir, if you please,
I see how to settle this business with ease,
I'll quash all proceedings at once on my word,
If to me you'll dispose of this wonderful bird ;
And will give you receipt for your rent my good man,
If this bird you will place in my 'Shandradan ;'

For my daughter Augusta has worried me long,
To look out for a bird that could sing a good song,
And as to the 'figure' that does not much matter,
So long as the vixen can *prate* well and *chatter*."

Joe paused to reflect, for he lov'd little Poll,
And play'd with her just like a child with a doll ;
" Not enough ! then I'll give you five pounds in addition,
Which sum, I believe, will improve your condition."

Joe gave his consent to this generous offer,
Which paid all his rent, and replenish'd his coffer.
So now in the 'Shandradan' Polly was plac'd,
In charge of a flunkey in livery dress'd ;
When Poll, from regard to the poor fellow's bones,
Cried " John ! drive carefully over the stones ;"
" Well John ! how's your mother, so lusty and stout ?
You look mighty-smart ! does the dame know you
are out ?"

John turn'd very pale, then, as red as a carrot,
Yet made no reply to the voluble parrot,
But grinn'd it is said, like a Lancashire-cat,
Then shrunk into nothing behind his cravat.
And now let us leave these companions together,
Returning to Finney, who purchas'd some leather,
And with the five pounds a foundation was laid,
For an always increasing and flourishing trade.
The very next morn Joe was up with the sun,
And before break of day, much work had he done.

No sooner was breakfast that morning despatch'd,
Than the stranger appear'd, who was greatly attach'd
To the honest cordwainer, and brought him good news,
For he call'd in to order a new pair of shoes,
But had not been present much more than a minute,
When Finney exclaim'd "Oh, the dickens is in it !
My good fortune I must not too highly extol,
For lo ! here comes my landlord, his flunkey, and Poll."
"Here Joe!" said his landlord, "be so good if you please,
From this bird of ill omen to give me release,
And I shall deserve a jolly good flogging,
If e'er I afford her another night's lodging ;
For all the night long the vixen's been larking,
And mewng, and shrieking, and screaming, and barking,
Till not one wink of sleep could we get all the night,
And my wife's had a fit of hysterics outright,
And my home, once so fam'd for its peace and its quiet,
Was changed to a scene of confusion and riot ;
But when daylight appear'd not one word would she
 speak,
But indulg'd in a noise 'twixt a howl and a squeak.
Here, take your bird back, for I'll have her no more,
I'll assure you, I've found her a regular *bore*."
Now Poll, when replac'd in her favourite nook,
Regarded the scene with a satisfied look,
And soon commenc'd singing, " Home sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;"

“Where you may remain,” said the landlord, quite vex’d,
Who, by this adventure, was sorely perplex’d,
And look’d like a martyr that suffer’d much wrong,
On hearing that Poll had again found her tongue.
And now, as he rudely threw open the door,
Poll gave him a look of defiance once more,
And the mischievous bird, like an ill-natur’d thing,
Then “*settled his hash*” by a finishing fling,
Which drove the said flunkey exceedingly wild,
And, as to his master, he cried like a child,
When Poll, like a cruel and mischievous elf,
Cried, “go to the d—l and shake yourself.”
So they “took to their timbers” and made themselves
“scarce,”

And the curtain now falls on this comical farce ;
For the landlord soon after forgot his vexation,
And rallied, ere long, from his mortification,
And though for a time he with anguish was riven,
Time wore it away, and poor Poll was forgiven,
And he frankly confess’d, though he cared not a cent,
“That the parrot had *diddled* him out of his rent.”

TRENTHAM DAY,*
 OR
 A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE
 AND ITS
 CONSEQUENCES.

JOHN.

“Trentham Day! Trentham Day!
 Day of fashion and display;
 Though the sky look dark and lowery,
 Though it threaten to be showery,
 Many a heart so light and gay
 Will gladly greet the ‘Trentham Day.’”

JOAN.

“Trentham Day! Trentham Day!
 Sure to rain, the sages say,
 That which is their constant theme
 Cannot be an idle dream;
 Their predictions may be true,
 Weather-wise man, what say you?”

* A holiday kept at Trentham, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, on the Thursday following the first Sunday in August, a day proverbially wet, and in the year 1863, remarkably so.

JOHN.

"Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Heed not what such croakers say,
Should their prophecies be true
Never mind a shower or two ;
Pleasure seekers far or near,
Meet at Trentham once a year."

JOAN.

"Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
John ! you never can say nay ;
If it rain'd both cats and dogs,
And you had to go in clogs,
If 'twere ankle deep in mud,
Go you must, and go you would."

JOHN.

"Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
I'll enjoy thee while I may,
With the gayest take my chance
In the merry rustic dance ;
Come my darling, come along,
Join, with me, the happy throng."

JOAN.

"Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
My advice is, keep away ;
I'll not go, depend upon it,
For, 'twould spoil my wedding bonnet,
And before the sun is setting,
All will get a thorough wetting."

JOHN.

“Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Just what hippish people say ;
When the weather’s close and warm,
‘ It denotes a thunder-storm,’
Should a cloud obscure the sky,
‘ Tempest surely must be nigh.’ ”

JOAN.

“Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Wager with you I will lay,
That before you’re half way there
It will be no longer fair,
And this I say, apart from joking,
You’ll get, what you deserve,—a soaking.”

JOHN.

“Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
I am off without delay,
If you will not with me join,
It will be no fault of mine,
Having no desire to roam,
Stay you quietly at home.”

JOAN.

“Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Since it must be, go thy way,
As you seem on pleasure bent,
Take it to your heart’s content ;
But remember, at your leisure,
Pains are close-allied with pleasure.”

JOHN STARTS.

Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
John is singing all the way,
" Though the sky doth lower o'er me,
Joys in plenty are before me,
Only let me reach the park,
There I'll trip it until dark."

JOAN ALONE.

" Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
How can I be blythe or gay ?
Left alone to fret and pine,
And in solitude to dine ;
And the rain is come at last,
Ever pouring thick and fast.

Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Now the rain will spoil their play,
How it rattles, helter-skelter,
(John, I trust is under shelter,)
What a day for clogs and pattens !
Wo'nt it spoil thin silks and satins ?

Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Night is come, and John away.
Heavy hang the weary hours,
Still the rain in torrents pours,
His barque, I trust, is under-weigh,
Fast sailing from the Trentham Day."

JOHN'S RETURN.

Trentham Day! Trentham Day!
 John as wet as potter's clay,
 Staggers through the open door,
 Prostrate falls upon the floor;
 While, in tears, his doting wife
 Watches for returning life.

Trentham Day! Trentham Day!
 Cold as marble, white or grey,
 Wet without, and wet within,
 First with *rain* and then with *gin*;
 Quite unconscious there he lay,
 Like a helpless lump of clay.

Trentham Day! Trentham Day!
 Fill'd with grief and wild dismay,
 Bending o'er him by his side,
 See we still his loving bride,
 Fairy-sentry of the night,
 Longing for the morning light.

JOHN REVIVES.

Trentham Day! Trentham Day
 Like a phantom glides away,
 Night of bitter mourning pass'd,
 Joy with morning came at last,
 When he raised his aching head,
 Gently kiss'd his Joan and said—

"Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Listen what I have to say ;
Since I left yon giddy scene
To some unearthly clime I've been,
Felt the freezing, chilling breath,
And the icy hand of death.

Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Thou hast led me quite astray,
Caus'd me to exchange the quiet
Of my home, for scenes of riot,
And to slight my faithful wife,
Guardian-angel of my life !

Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Oft I've yielded to thy sway,
Many an hour with thee have pass'd,
None so childish as the last ;
Hence, my life with folly blended,
Shall, in future, be amended."

JOAN.

"Trentham Day ! Trentham Day !
Be as reckless as you may,
'Tis a comfort I must own,
You have suffer'd not alone ;
Scores of victims people say,
Now regret the Trentham Day."

THE WORLD.

This world's a world of perfect laws,
And ne'er evinces any flaws
Of Architect divine ;
Laws which unworthy man befriend,
That skill of man can ne'er amend,
The means adapted to the end,
As plummet to the line.

This world's a world of mighty force,
Which springs from an Almighty source,
Eternal and above ;
Force which displays His power and skill,
Implicitly obeys His will,
And acting in subservience still,
Proclaims His wondrous love.

This world is one of many spheres,
Revolving with their atmospheres,
 Whose numbers none can trace ;
For though the earth so large appear,
To philosophic minds 'tis clear,
Much larger ones beyond compare,
 Exist in mighty space.

This busy planet travels on
In endless journey round the sun,
 Philosophers attest ;
And while we take refreshing sleep,
While pleasant dreams around us creep,
While watchful mourners lowly weep,
 No moment knows of rest.

While some allow all fears to slumber,
And some with needless cares encumber
 The int'rests of the soul ;
While some a future heaven are winning,
And numbers hell by constant sinning,
Unconsciously this orb is spinning
 Around its central pole.

This world's a world of many minds,
As fitful as the changing winds,
That move the tow'ring fane ;
Some, like the zephyr's gentle balm,
Some like the south wind mild and warm,
Or rough as ocean's howling storm,
Or frightful hurricane.

This world's a world of empty sounds,
Proved by the many up's and down's
Of life's uncertain stage ;
In youth 'tis known by pleasant dreams,
In manhood by its plans and schemes,
By disappointment's furrow'd seams
In hoary-headed age.

And 'tis a world of many woes,
Which every human being knows,
Who's mingled with its strife ;
A world of deep corroding care,
Which, to their sorrow, all declare,
Has fallen greatly to their share,
In this their chequer'd life.

This world's a Christian one 'tis said,
And Christ its universal Head,
Yet still do heathen rage ;
While pulpits ring with roar and rant,
And men with hypocritic cant,
Whose hearts are hard as adamant,
Disgrace this Christian age.

This Christian world has many creeds,
Which, carp'd and garbled as each needs,
Create no little spite ;
Some tread upon each other's toes,
So slight the shade, and some as foes
Do stand aloof, while each one knows,
That *he, at least*, is right.

Oh ! would it not be wiser then,
And more becoming Christian men,
To bid these cavils cease ;
For 'tis the Gospel's certain sound,
Which bids the heart with hope abound,
Irradiating all around
With harmony and peace.

This world, some men, with up-turn'd eyes
Affect most meekly to despise,
 Though valued as a gem ;
It is a world in mercy given,
For mortals to prepare for heaven,
Thus to denounce it men are driven,
 When it despises *them*.

This world's a world, where solid worth
Is sometimes found with noble birth
 Most graciously combined ;
And when engrafted on this stem,
'Tis radiant as the sparkling gem
That decorates the diadem,
 With royalty entwined.

And 'tis a world that people love
Who are with fashion "hand in glove,"
 And partial to display ;
Such occupation doth imply,
These have no aims beyond the sky,
So, like the gaudy butterfly,
 They flutter life away.

In modern beaux we seldom find
Much sterling sense with grace combin'd,
 So pleasing to the fair ;
And modern belles are seldom seen
Distinguished by their modest mien,
But by th' enormous *crinoline*
 They're privileged to wear.

'Tis just the world to suit the "rake,"
Who loves his burning thirst to slake
 At alcoholic spring ;
But oh ! what words can ever tell
The number of these souls that dwell
Amid the scorching flames of hell,
 The victims of its sting ?

A vice so hateful in mankind
Must enervate the human mind,
 And dwarf the soul divine ;
With mind and soul alike debas'd,
The system shares the general waste,
Hence to this evil hath been traced
 Man's physical decline.

This is a world where virtue's sold,
Or barter'd for its worth in gold,
 When *rotten* at the core ;
We think such virtue very *frail*,
And must be growing rather *stale*,
Ere she consent to any *sale*,
 However bright the ore.

It is as plain as A B C,
That 'tis a world of £ s. d.,
 Most greedy after pelf ;
No matter how men may profess
Their friends to serve, we must confess,
Though words may not, his acts express,
 Each *tries* to serve *himself*.

But though this world abound in crime,
In mercy *all* have ample time,
 Past errors to retrieve ;
And though its faults were magnified,
And all its evils multiplied,
Experience oft' has testified
 'Tis one *few wish to leave*.

FINIS.

